

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearly
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fastion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scancer of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke.
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shewe
But meere imploratots of vnholly suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Haue

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hor. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeepe; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goe of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennisish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;

But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D.

Being